

VILTIS

(HOPE)

FAIRHOPE - - - ALABAMA

"EXTRA!" I'm back in Fairhope, send your letters to V. F. Beliajus, Fairhope, Ala., Other details in October issue.

CIVVIE REPORTERS

Int. Hse. _____ Mrs. Boand & Mrs. Chen
LYS. _____ Lillian Cinskas
NWUH _____ Celia Giebutowska
SOE. _____ Edna Rockwell

THIS 'N' THAT

WHO GETS VILTIS

Viltis goes to the following groups, all with one common interest in their background, folk dancing:—and with all I've been connected as instructor and friend:

The Lithuanian Youth Society (LYS), a group I helped organize way back in 1933. The members are mostly American-Lithuanians.

The Northwestern University House (NWUH), a Settlement sponsored by the N. W. University and located in a Polish locality of Chicago, where a group of Polish-American youth gathered to retain the folk ways and traditions of their people. I was connected with them for six years.

International House (Int. Hse.) of the University of Chicago. A Recreational and residential center for University students from all over the world. The most conglomerative group of all! There too I instructed for six years.

To members of the School of Organic Education (SOE), of Fairhope, Alabama, which has a tradition of 37 years of British folk dances (Introduced by Mr. Rabold, a pupil of Cecil Sharp, exponent of the English dance.)

As well as to some parents of the above mentioned members and to many of my friends I met outside the confines of the above mentioned groups.

SHANA TOVA

To all our friends of the faith of Israel, we extend "L'Shana Tova Tikatevu B'Sefer HaKayim (Hebrew—To a Happy Year may you be inscribed in the Book of Life). The first of the Hebrew month of Tishri, which marks the beginning of the New Year falls on September 18th. It will be 5705 according to the Hebrew reckoning.

PATRONS

Mrs. A. G. Rose, Waukesha, Wis.; Mrs. L. Totten, Fairhope, Ala.; Lt. Ed. Totten, Pensacola, Fla., and Fairhope; Mrs. L. Baskis, Chicago; Pfc. Jos. Simbal, Lakeland, Fla., and Chicago; Wm. Jos. Migon, Sp. 2-c, Urbana, Ill., and Chicago; Sgt. Myron Leach, France and Chicago; S. G. Knott, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lt. and Mrs. Fr. Johnson, England and Chicago.
(To be continued)

V. F. BELIAJUS, Fairhope, Alabama

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OVER HERE

I'll start Viltis right, with a pledge to my cousin Gene not to pick anymore on the Yankees. After all, they are our allies, and we must have harmony. "Vienybėgalybė" (Unity is might) say we in Lietuva. Gene bought a "Katarinka" (Jolopy), and by luck got a furlough. By the time he reached New York from Mitchell Field, the carburetor broke. Upon leaving the city, a clogged radiator. Reaching Ohio, water pump trouble that forced him to stop every five minutes to fill her up. When they reached Chicago the Katarinka went to a garage and was shocked with the small bill of \$132.30 (which his poor mother had to fork out). Moral, a poor private should buy only New Lincolns, or Rolls-Royces. Only such who work for banks, like Paul Gaston (SOE) for instance, can afford Jolopies and drag them to garages. Gene is now in the Intelligence Office of Mitchell Field. Ain't he smart? . . . Our Park House friend Lt. Wm. "Scotty" Bain, who commanded a company of amphibian tanks in the battle of Kiska (Aleutians), discovered why the Japs fled sans opposition, and it was not because Scotty scared them. 'Visit Kiska and Flee' says he. Scotty is now in Fort Ard, Calif. By the way, The Park House moved from its palatial residence on the Gold Coast (Chicago) to the rural charms of Downers Grove, Ill. . . . Cpl. Seymour Myerson (Int. Hse.) is in the Signal Corps O. C. School at Ft. Monmouth, N. J. Wonderful! His wife Lotte was attending Teacher's College at Columbia U., during the summer . . . AIC Bill Soong (Int. Hse.) is getting some tough training at Yale University. . . . Sgt. Ed. Gembica (NWUH) is crewing C-47 commando planes at the Reno Air Base, and says, anyone who knows anything about Curtis planes, knows what work is. . . . After about 6 months of hospitalization, mending broken hips in an Hawaiian accident, Pfc. Alfred Sienkiewicz was made M. P. in Sarasota, Fla., of which state he comments in the short phrase of "Phooy!" . . . Sgt. Louis Denov (NWUH) is now in the New Haven, Conn., airfield. He wants his friends know that he had a nice summer square dancing and getting tan. . . . Pfc. Jos. Simbal (LYS) came out 2nd in a competitive match at the automatic pistol range and won a box of cigars, but, woe is him, he doesn't smoke. My sympathy, Joe. The only time I ever won anything, a door prize, was a permanent, and me with my curls! Cruel fate! Joe is "Black as a Nigger" and what he wouldn't give to show off his tan on a Chicago Beach. (He is in Lakeland, Fla.). As Artie Tumosa would say, "I'se no Niggah, white boy, I'se Creole," Is yo is, or is yo ain't, Joseph? . . . My Palestinian friend Kosso Skorohod, tall, dark and handsome, who looks and talks like an Arab Sheikh, has a swell job at the Ship's Co. library in Camp Peary, Va. A spacious 1000 vol. library where fellows relax, smoke, read and write. He writes, "The fellows are military prisoners (mostly AWOL) who were given another chance after careful selection in prisons all over the country. They are 'retrained' at Peary. They go to school and will later join the fleet and be recommended for their former ratings. When the war is over, they will receive an Honorable discharge. The bunch as a whole, fully appreciate the opportunity. To my great delight the library became a focal point in their life." Kosso, before entering the Navy, was an outstanding student sculptor and painter at the Chicago Art Institute. At Camp Peary, he became acquainted through me with my Ukrainian pal, Louis Kohltyn. Louis is a ceramic artist. Both are married and both have a boy each, of whom they take great pride. Who knows? Someday maybe one of these boys might be vice-president, in Roosevelt's cabinet. They are both swell lads and have plenty in common. Louis had a ten day furlough on July 25th. Needless to say, it was greatly enjoyed. . . . A-C Malcolm Campbell (SOE) won a sharpshooters medal at Maxwell Field, Ala. . . . Pfc. Jimmy Lowell, So. Pacific vet for two years, is hospitalized at Ft. Benning, Ga., with tropical malaria. A speedy recovery to you, pal. . . . Pfc. Jimmy Casebere (SOE) has spent the summer taking up a correspondence course from the U. of Chicago. He wants to be a bachelor with a degree. Because Jimmy is near Fairhope. (Tallahassee, Fla.) he is an often visitor home, which is fine and dandy. Jimmy has been having a tough time meeting another Viltis reader who is stationed forty miles away, Johnston Field, Fla., Jan Beck Shauk. Jan is a folk dance enthusiast. Was present at many festivals and is also a poet, whose poems have been published in various journals and now, a complete collection of his work is being prepared for the press. When Jimmy is free, Jan can't get a leave, and when Jan gets the leave, Jimmy is in Fairhope.

OVER THERE

Paratrooper Cabbot Boothe (SOE) who took part in Rome's liberation was greatly impressed with the city's antiquity. He also visited St. Peter's and the Vatican City. Cabbot was hospitalized soon after with pneumonia and has recovered since. While at the hospital he noticed singularly the great work the Red Cross was doing which caused him to exclaim in praise of their merit. Yes, Cab our friend, their work is beyond our ability of praise. You'll also be gratified to know that the Fairhope Chapter is doing its part most praiseworthy. . . . When Paisanos (Those who come from the same locality) meet, happy days are there again, as was the case of two Organic School mates, Capt. David Dougherty and Sgt. Tony Klumpp Jr. Tony, in his last letter, could think of no topic more pleasant than to describe that meeting. . . . Same happy incident happened to my brother, Kazy, when he ran into his school chum, Cpl. Andy James. To celebrate the event, the two had a ride in a test plane over the Solomons, and decided that their island looked better from the air than on it. Upon the return they were entertained by Jack Benney, Carol Landis, Larry Adler and others. Needless to say, happy days were there again. . . . Alice Jarosz was thrilled with the souvenir of a pin from a 500 lb. bomb,

YOUR COMMENT

RE: GOOD BYE

"... It is strange we construe the word "good bye" to mean we shall part forever—it isn't supposed to be—it was originated from the old saying — God Be With You—implying, till we meet again. In fact we have a very beautiful old hymn which goes:—

God be with you, till we meet again.
By His presence guide, uphold you.
In His arms securely fold you.

God be with you, till we meet again.

Mrs. A. G. Rose,
Waukesha, Wis.

ORCHIDS:

"... Let us assure you that your service letters are masterpieces. As an ex-"leg man", a member of the Fourth Estate, let me pay tribute to you. I have never seen such a facility for collecting a tremendous multitude of news items. Incidentally, did it ever occur to you that you have a staff of correspondents worthy of a large news-gathering agency? So side by side with AP, UP, INS and OWI we had better add VFSS."

Rabbi Sidney J. Jacobs
New York City —

BRICKS:

"Wow! Are you ever socking Chicago around—you know darn well that it's a good town. Any more untimely references to the North and I shall begin to mention what everyone in the army thinks of the South, with its flowery tradition of Southern Hospitality which has now been proven a gross exaggeration.

Ever notice how prices rise in (Southern) towns near camps on payday and stay that way for half the month? They begin a gradual decline back to normal when the soldiers no longer have any money. But take New York or Chicago, and you find free meals, free tickets to movies, plays, operas, and sports. If anything, the soldier gets a break on a price rather than a shellacking. And don't think it isn't noticed, Fin. Even the Rebels remark about it. Even the West and Far Southwest treats the soldiers like friends—but your Solid South isn't worth a damn! Print that! I'm really serious, old boy, it's a shame."

Pvt. E. R. Grossman
Mitchel Field, N. Y.

(Exclude Fairhope, Bud. Ain't he awful? Or is it true?)

ONE OUT OF MANY

"I want you to know that I appreciate getting the news about the people you worked with. I didn't realize then, but you and your dancing opened many opportunities to new friendships. As I read through, familiar names appear and give this person the satisfaction of knowing what some of the old folk dance people are doing. Yours in friendship."

Sgt. Ed. Gembica (NWUH)
Reno, Nevada

Jake—"I hear they took the pictures of your wife with a fast moving camera."

Drake—"They had to if they wanted to catch her with her mouth shut."

Husband—"What! You paid ten dollars for this bunch of flowers and call it a hat? Why, it's a sin! Yes, a sin!"

Wife—"Dearest, let the sin be on my head."

which her brother, Sgt. Stanley Sienkiewicz sent, taken from his bombing mission over Yawata, Japan. . . . Lt. Dr. Frank Johnson (Int. Hse.) is an Ophthalmologist. I knew he belonged to some kind of a Protestant group that condemned dancing as a sin, but I didn't know what it was called. I recall his first time at folk dancing at the International House, I literally swept him off his feet! Since then, he sinned so well that not only he learned how to folk dance, but also taught, and specialized in the gay Swedish folk dances! Frank is in England. . . . Sgt. Arthur Tumosa (LYS) visited a 1200 A. D. castle and a 1320 A. D. church. Everything is very ancient, says he, even their customs, and the country is 50 years behind times. . . . Fairhope's sacrifice on Saipan was Marine Pfc. Abbie Dismukes, at the youthful age of 19. Eternal peace be his. . . . Jack Smith S 2-c (SOE) misses Honolulu now that he is 3000 miles away from there. What of Hawaii do you miss most? The Hula Wahine (Girls) with their Homalimali (Flirting), hey? . . . Well, Pvt. Jimmy Carroll (LYS) was finally sent across. Best of luck to you and I hope you are satisfied. Jimmy was going across since early this year, but somehow, was always left behind. . . . Paul Gaston, Mordy Arnold, Tom Edmonds, Jack Smith, attention! The papers featured an Alabamian Marine, Sgt. Ulus Light, an Auburn football player now in New Britain, So. P., who patrols barefooted 200 miles over coral and thorn covered mountains, and plays football barefooted and that he never wore shoes until he was 21. Such fuss! Is that something that you all can't do? . . . Writes Leo Bartkus S 2-c (LYS) from the So. Pacific "I hope after the war we can have the old gang together and re-establish LYS. We really had some good times with the Club." There are many hoping for the same, but "Dievas Zino" (God knows?) . . . Int. Hse. and Fairhope friends will be interested in learning that Lt. John Soong got himself engaged in China to a very charming girl with a wonderful personality." Indeed we are happy for you. "Chihsiang Juyi!" (good luck and heart's desire). . . . Paratrooper Casimir Zurawski (NWUH) who participated in the Normandy invasion, is back in England now. His comment was "plenty rough!" . . . I never knew that mines were swept. I thought the miners pick up the dirt on their clothes and faces and take it out to wash off, but it seems that Caude Arnold, Q. M. 2-c is now sweeping the mines in European Seas. . . . In France, Sgt. Myron Leach reflects: "We go ahead every day, knowing death could come to you. Realizing you are no better than anyone else who dies, and at the same time planning for the future if there is a future." Just keep on planning, Mike. Myron is a morale keeper-upper. Sings for them, runs the films and keeps 'em smiling. . . . From Pukekohe, New Zealand, a town where my brother Kazy was located when he first crossed the Pacific, Miss Val Roulston, in whose home Kazy spent his leaves, writes: "Kazy was always welcome in our home, always will be. As you know we have had thousands of troops where Kazy was camped, of all the boys we had at our home, Kazy and Mack, a marine friend of his, were liked most of all. That is saying a lot. What we liked about those two is the act of telling us that they had girl friends back home (Val, his girl is a grand kid too). That is something not many Americans have done." You make me feel grand, Val, for as you know, I'm very fond and proud of Kazy. . . . Joe Wasilaskas M. M. 2-c (Int. Hse.) had a few months of sunshine and California after spending 9 months in tents on "pitch black and island of roaring winds" (Tanaga (near Amchitka, Aleutians). While at camp Parks, Cal., he spent his time driving busses. Now, Joe is once again on his way across. Bon Voyage!

AS FOR MYSELF

The last few months enabled me to see a few of [my buddies, some for the first time in a year.

July 6th I was pleasantly surprised with a visit from Lt. Marney Lowell and Paul Gaston. It was the first time I saw Marney since his induction, and believe me, he was a grand sight for sore eyes. Marney looked swell, and Paul, taller and handsomer.

That day was busy in an odd way. One of the aged patients, Thomas Wamsley, decided to convert to Catholicism, and I was called upon to act as Kuma (god-father). In my excitement, I forgot which was his right shoulder.

Mr. Wamsley, who should have died months earlier, lived on spitefully. He was but skin over bones which seemed to have shrunk, while the joints exaggeratedly enlarged. A Mummy one beholds with awe, marvelling how wonderfully it remained preserved for so many centuries, but he frightened one, to think that one alive could present such a horrible sight. He passed away on August 1st.

On same July 6th, the Extreme Unction was administered to Mrs. Anna Warren (died July 10th). It seemed but a week or so before, I had taken snap shots with her. For Anna Warren and Mary Gregor, I have the warmest remembrances, for during my birthday, when I was still new there, they sent me a lovely birthday card. To the three, Eternal peace in the embrace of mother earth.

On July 16th the Paysons came to say Au Revoir before their departure for Chicago. They sure are grand folks and I owe them plenty of gratitude for the service of putting out the Service Letters. One hates to see swell folks move away to distant communities. Our best wishes are with them.

August 3rd was a red-letter day. I had 16 visitors! In the morning, Miss Jessie Garrison, director of Physical Education with the State of Alabama, at Montgomery, while in the afternoon, Lo and behold! Lt. Ed. Totten and mother, A-C Richard Campbell, Mrs. L. K. Riggs, Mrs. Wm. Stuersel, Mrs. E. Laraway, and practically the entire Arnold family. Mr. and Mrs., Grace, Sue with her children, Jody and Sgt. Mordy. Boy oh boy! Needless to say, I was even above the 7th heaven. Dick, Ed and Mordy looked grand!

On August 6th I met Woodward Skinner, a Robertsedale, Alabama, lad, who was visiting his sister at the sanatorium, recently discharged from the Marines after front line injuries. He was in the same division with my brother Kazy, and on the same various islands. I enjoyed his story of life and experiences in the South Seas, for it brought me close to Kazy. Skinner is an ever smiling lad, very jolly and out-